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MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK

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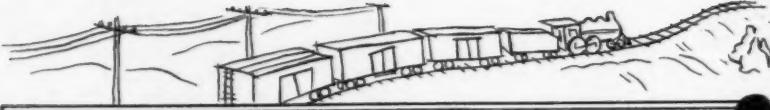
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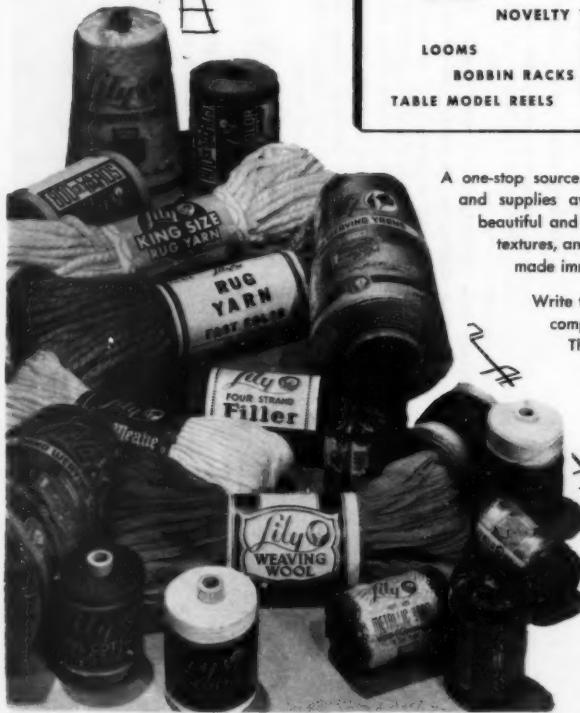
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CONTINUING EDUCATION IN APPALACHIA

((S. R. CROCKETT))

Mr. Crockett is Area Director for the University of Virginia Extension Division. He helps to provide opportunities for adult education in twenty-one Southwest Virginia counties

GREAT THINGS are taking place in the southern Appalachian region. And among the greatest items of growth and concern are factors dealing with the field of education. The efforts of stalwart souls over the past number of years to develop an interest in education at every level for ALL of the people is paying off at last. The candles were bravely lit. . . one at a time, and in rugged and isolated areas, and often they went out. They were lit again and again and finally the light grew in intensity and spread so that more and more people of ability and outstanding leadership qualities were given the great opportunities only provided through the medium of education.

Magnificent new buildings are the order of the day and improved facilities for the training of teachers continues to bring into the classroom in increasing numbers teachers trained to make the most of the storehouse of native ability and energy found in unlimited quantities in the highland regions of eastern United States. The dreams of the pioneer educators of the last several generations are being realized.

The genesis of education is in no way being restricted to the youngsters in the private and public schools of the area. New meaning is being given to the term Adult Education. . . or Continuing Education. By the hundreds and thousands, those adults who have attained an age normally not included in the regular school program, whether it be sixteen or sixty, are finding opportunity to continue study in cultural or professional fields of special interest. Those people who for various reasons were unable to attend school; or had to cut short the years of schooling for personal or economic reasons; or those people who, only late in life, developed an interest in education for self-improvement; or those people of any age who feel the need for additional professional improvement in order to meet the present day economic challenges, are all becoming a part of a greatly expanded program of education for the adults.

In the southwestern counties of Virginia leadership in the field of continuing education for adult learners has been assumed by the University of Virginia which has for several years maintained administrative offices in the area. More than 3200 students are enrolled in various types of work. In addition to the opportunities offered by the Division of Extension, the University of Virginia has in cooperation with local interested citizens, set up a branch of the University at Wise, Virginia. This College is known as the Clinch Valley College of the University of Virginia. It is committed to the offering of a broad program of liberal arts, with pre-professional training in the fields of medicine, law, education, nursing, engineering, and general business or commercial work. This school with an enrollment in its second year of more than 300 students brings to the region the facilities of standard accredited programs of higher education, not heretofore readily available and at costs far below what might be expected.

Students just out of high school, veterans, young adults and older citizens are joining with teachers who wish additional work in the solidifying of a program of education which is of monumental proportions for Southwest Virginia. And while the program is obviously designed for the southwestern area of Virginia, it is equally available to adjoining sections of Kentucky and Tennessee. The test as to whether the real needs of the population are being met will be in terms of the degree to which the enrollments continue to climb.

Yes, much is taking place in the Appalachian region. There is no doubt but that the additional educational opportunities offered to people of all ages and participated in by people of all ages and in all walks of life will help to set free potentials of leadership and creative activities which will not only solve the problems peculiar to the people concerned, but which will provide a reservoir of strength and power to bolster the forces of our total democratic dream. There is no force yet designed which can combat the power of ideas, when those ideas are directed toward the betterment of "the good life" for all men.



FAMILY DECISIONS

By FRED BROCKMAN of the
University of Kentucky
Extension Service.....

ON THE FARM



THE KENTUCKY FARM AND HOME DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM is a new approach toward assisting farm families in solving their problems. It is the approach in which all members of the family decide how to use all of its resources in order to obtain the most in rural living. Emphasis is placed on bringing into balance the farm enterprises, that is, achieving a balance between the crops and livestock, labor and machinery, income and expense, and similar areas of concern to the farm family.

Families enrolled in the program attend day-time planning sessions conducted by the County Extension Agents. The agents present the principles of farming and homemaking, using the latest research findings. Each family then adopts these principles and this information to its individual farm and home conditions. A workbook is used by these families to record their plans, both the immediate and the long-time programs. Once their goals have been established, each year's plan leads toward these goals.

When we consider the growing demands for food and fiber for an ever-increasing population, and the fact that the average farm and home unit operates at about half capacity, we can readily see the need for a well planned farm and home program.

If we in Extension Service are to be really effective in our teaching, we must begin serving the people "where they are." We need to inform them, but the decisions reached must be those of the family, and not the County or Home Agent, or the College of Agriculture and Home Economics. Once the family has made a decision based on information presented to them, the extension worker should help them in carrying it out in the best way possible.

A farm map, colored according to four land classifications, gives the family a quick glance at the capability of the farm. The fact that there is no class one land on the farm does not mean that

the family cannot produce a garden and cash crops. It means that the Extension Service must assist them in utilizing conservation practices that will enable them to produce the maximum amount with a minimum amount of erosion.

The livestock program is brought into balance with the crops grown, available labor, and markets, taking into account the personal likes and dislikes of the family.

The family plans a budget of all income and expenses. Expenses include such items as food to be purchased, clothing needs, home furnishings, household operations (electricity, fuel, telephone, etc.) personal needs, health needs, savings, educational requirements, recreation, church and community welfare, insurance, taxes, fertilizer, seeds, and other farm operating expenses. In order to make the budget balance, it is often necessary to choose between productive expenditures and consumptive expenses. The entire family participates in the decision.

Farm families who have participated in the Kentucky Farm and Home Development program have stated that it is the greatest service ever offered by Extension.

It is the family's plan; the members make it and carry it out when they wish. They agree to make a practical application of the recommendations of the College of Agriculture and Home Economics. They also are encouraged to secure all help possible from reliable sources such as the Agricultural Stabilization Committee, Production Credit, Soil Conservation Service, Farmers' Home Administration, and others. Once each year the families get together to revise their plans using the outlook information as a guide.

A survey of seven families in Estill County who have taken part in the program for two years indicates the possibilities of the program. The Crooked Creek community where these families live is in the knob region of the Appalachian Chain. Hillsides are steep, from 30 to 70% slope; valleys are narrow, and bottom land is poorly drained.

	County Average (Ky. official)	Average of Devel- opment Families
Corn yield per acre	33 bushels	68 bushels
Tobacco	1211 pounds	2200 pounds
Wheat	16 bushels	31 bushels
Alfalfa	1.9 tons	4.2 tons
Clover	1.25 tons	2.6 tons
Lespedeza	1.05 tons	1.6 tons
Barley	18 bushels	32 bushels

(Unofficial statistics)

Baby beef(Ky. Cow Calf Plan)	475 pounds	675 pounds
Pigs per litter per sow	6	9
Grazing capacity of pasture	3 1/2A per unit	2A per unit
Food produced on the farm	50%	80%
Capacity of total production	45%	90%
Homes with electricity	42%	100%
with running water	3%	85%
with refrigerators	36%	100%
with washing machines	34%	100%
with home freezers	3%	57%

Other statistics would reveal further the advancement made by Development families. Remodeling homes, rearrangement of furniture, improvements on the farmstead have led to more efficient use of labor and better living conditions. Soil improvement practices have been given priority on all these farms, for soil is the basis for a good program.

These families probably have a higher regard for education, religion, and welfare work than average farm families. (All are active in their churches.)

During the past two years, when farmers have suffered from adverse weather conditions and price-cost squeezes, and when most farmers showed a decline in farm income, these Farm Development families as a group had 11% more net income.

Economists of the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis, in evaluating the Farm and Home Development program stated that if the program were put into effect on one-third of the farm land in the average county, at average prices, it would add one million dollars per year in new income. This would be equal to a new factory employing 480 persons at an average pay of \$40.00 each per week.

How can you evaluate the better health, education and more satisfying living brought about through a cooperatively planned and executed Farm and Home plan? ####



FROM THE WORKBENCH OF



> Constantine

Kermes

AN EDITOR'S "manna", I suppose, is a story dropped into his lap, crying by quality of content to be published, along with pictures that more than illustrate what is written. That is what happened in the case of artist Constantine Kermes who decided quite on his own that MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK could use a new cover design. Mr. Kermes presented his idea to our executive secretary, Mr. Ayer, and later delivered the tangible design. We used it. And in response to a hasty request for material for an article, he placed in our laps a story that wrote itself. All we had to do was steer it into the contents of these pages.

Everything about Constantine Kermes is distinctive, from his paintings and formal designs to his letters, and even the way he writes his return address(which is 234 West Main Street, Ephrata, Pennsylvania.) One is immediately aware of imagination, originality, and a dignity of presentation that is peculiarly his own.

From his workbench in Ephrata Mr. Kermes writes: "It pleases me that I am able to contribute to your worthwhile publication." And speaking as the artist, he writes: "I have always felt that a great source of our direct, sincere design was to be found in the work of American rural groups. Starting with the Pennsylvania Dutch, then with the New England Shakers, I studied the results of their efforts while still in school (Carnegie Tech '46). Each summer I have devoted time to examining the ways of living of rural groups throughout the United States. The Amana Society of Iowa, the Spanish Americans of New Mexico, and most recently the Southern Highland Mountain folk which took me first to Berea, then on to Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia.



"Because I feel that the religious lives of these creative rural groups are so closely related to their economic problems I have emphasized this in my paintings. Also, I have tried to express their creative activities in the flat pattern and designs which are characteristic of their own work. I feel that there is a universal likeness in all creative folk work which is influenced by the geographic area from which it grows."

As a way of recording his trips, Constantine Kermes has made sketches and watercolors which were worked into oil paintings which in turn were accepted for three New York one-man shows at the Jacques Seligmann Gallery, as well as 15 one-man shows over the country. A fourth show in New York will include paintings of the Southern Highland Mountain folk. This exhibit is scheduled for the Seligmann Gallery sometime this coming spring.

The Greek forbears of Constantine Kermes were painters of the stiff, stylized holy images called icons. Now thirty-two year-old Kermes also considers himself a kind of icon painter. He paints what he calls

SOUTHERN HIGHLAND

MOUNTAIN

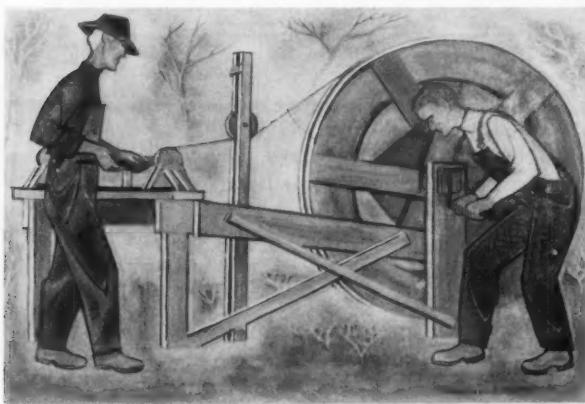
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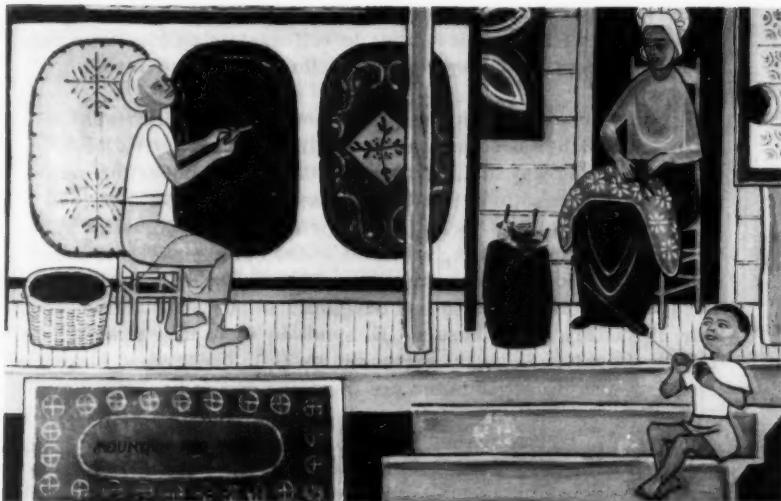
"American Saints," members of those religious sects who, in the midst of our modern society, live in self-sustaining idealistic communities dedicating themselves to spiritual ideals and creative enterprise.

But Kermes is an artist, not an ethnologist. His self-appointed task has been not only to study and record the groups whose dedicated way of life embodies what he considers the saintly virtues, but also to depict them in the form and spirit of old religious icons. This is no pseudo-primitivism. Christianity had its origin in the East, and most of the early makers of devotional images looked on the realistic style of the Greeks and Romans as pagan. Their own style had developed in line with the long tradition of Eastern art, stressing the symbolic and impersonal rather than the fleshly. Kermes' racial and esthetic background is also of the East, and his subjects too are the pious and dedicated. For these reasons, and because he wants to underscore the tenacity with which his "American Saints" cling to old principles and practices in a hectic, modern world, he has chosen to paint them in a style derived from old Byzantine icons, employing their traditional poster-like design, flat color areas, and strong linear patterns.

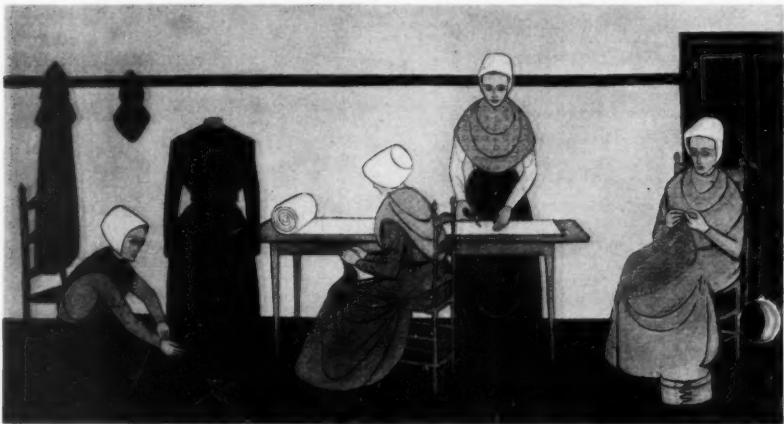
Mr. Kermes is a family man. He is married and has two-year-old twin daughters who also like to travel. Indeed we are glad



MOUNTAIN MEN WORKING AT LATHE



he traveled this way south! His cover design that uses the hand-craft style of letter against the mountain motif will be an added pleasure for all readers and "picker-uppers" of MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK. It sets the tone for the contents of the magazine. I suspect that for many issues to come we will remember his favor, and be glad, too, that he shared his vital personality with us. ####



"American Saints: Shaker Sisters' Sewing Room"

folk tales for telling...

FOOLISH JACK

Once upon a time there was a boy named Jack and he lived with his mom. They lived in a poor part of the country and didn't have much to eat and wear and didn't have much to live on because his mother was a widder. So one day the mother called Jack in from his play and she says, "I want you to go over to my kinfolks who live on the other side of two mountains and I want you to borrey some money for us."

So Jack said, "Yes, Mom, I'll go."

And now Jack was noted throughout all the community as Foolish Jack because he did such foolish things. So Jack took off and put his knapsack on his back and went off to the kinfolks to borrey some money. So when he got to the relatives (and they were quite rich) they said, "Why, sure, Jack, we'll give you some money if you are having a hard time." And they give him a big bag of gold.

As he was going along and he was over the first big mountain and on top of it, he met a man with a beautiful white horse, and the man said, "Why, hello, Jack! Where are you going?"

Jack said, "Well, I'm going home."

The man said, "Why, where have you been?"

Jack said, "I've been over to my people to borrey some money."

The man said, "How would you like to have this horse I've got here, Jack?"

Jack said, "Boy, I sure would like to have that horse. Would you trade it for my bag of gold?"

The man said, "Why of course, Jack, —it will be an even swap." So he give Jack his horse and Jack give him the money.

So Jack went on riding his big fine horse and got about halfway down the first hill and he met another man and this man was leading a cow. It was a great big brown beautiful Jersey cow. Jack said, "Why, hello, buddy!"

"Why, hello, Jack. Where are you going?"

"I'm going home."

"Well, where have you been?"

"I've been to my people to borrey some money and I traded it for this horse." He said, "Say, that sure is a purty cow you have there."

"It sure is. It gives milk and I think—I think—would you like to have this cow, Jack?"

Jack said, "Why yes—would you trade it for my horse?"

"Why yes—you could have some real milk with this cow."

So Jack said, "Well, I'm glad to get shet of this horse anyway. It wouldn't let me ride on it and it was a stubborn mean thing." So Jack took the cow and went on down in the valley and he stopped to get some milk from the cow and the cow kicked him, knocked him 'way back. Well, he was getting real mad. So he met a man with a sheep and the man said, "Hello, Jack!"

And Jack said, "Why, hello, there."

The man said, "Where are you going?"

Jack said, "Why, I'm going home. I been over to my people to borrey some money. And they give me some gold and I traded it off to a man that had a horse, and the horse wouldn't let me ride it. So I traded it off to a man that had a cow and the cow wouldn't give any milk and she kicked me. Would you trade that sheep to me for this cow?"

The man said, "Why sure, Jack!" And the man chuckled up his sleeve and said, "That would be a real easy swap."

So Jack took the sheep and the man took the cow and he went on a little farther up the other mountain and he met a man that had a pig.

And he said, "Hello Jack. Where have you been?"

"I've been to my people to borrey some money and they give me some gold and I traded it off for a stubborn old horse and I traded the stubborn old horse for a cow that kicked me and wouldn't give me any milk. And I got this sheep and stopped to let it pick grass and I set down and it butted me. I want to get shet of it. Would you trade your pig for it?"

"Why sure, Jack, I would like to trade my pig." And he chuckled up his sleeve too. So he give Jack the pig and Jack give him the sheep. And Jack started on and he come to where there was a man sorter in a village and the man was whetting on a whetrock. Jack said, "Why hello there, Mister Man."

The man said, "Why hello, Jack. Where have you been?"

"Oh, I've been on a long journey over two mountains to borrey some money for my mom."

"Where is your money, Jack?"

"Well, I traded it off to a horse and it wouldn't ride me, so I traded it off to a cow and the cow wouldn't let me milk her, so I traded it off for a sheep and the sheep butted me, so I traded it off to this pig. And this pig has run me all over these parts and I just can't keep up with it a-tall."

The man said, "Well, well, Jack. I believe I'll help you out. You are a nice boy. Would you like to trade this pig that runs all over the place for this nice smooth whetrock?"

"Boy, you sure are good to me," said Jack. "Yeah man, I'll change."

So he took the whetrock and went on and by that time it was getting real late and dark coming on. When he was just about home he passed a pond that had frogs in it. And the frogs were hollering and they kept hollering and it annoyed him very much and he said, "You all, you all down there in that pond, you hush." And they didn't hush. They just griped and griped and went on and on. Jack said, "I told you all to hush. If you don't hush I'm going to throw this whetrock at you." So they didn't hush and went on croaking and griping. And he said, "I told you." And he drawed the rock back over his head and throwed it down in the pond. The frogs hushed for a minute. And he said, "Well, I guess I fixed you."

So he went on home. And his mommy was sitting by the fire, hoping that he would hurry back so they would have time to go somewhere and trade a little gold for some flour or meal or something to make for supper. And Jack called to her and said, "Why hello, Mommy. See I'm back and I'm about the smartest boy you ever had."

She said, "You are? Why Jack, where's the money?"

He said, "Why mommy, they give me a big bag of gold and I

didn't want to carry it so I traded it off to a man that had a great big fine white horse."

She said, "Where's the horse?"

He said, "Well, that horse wouldn't let me ride it so I got sort-er mad and a man come along with a cow and I — I traded the hor- to his cow."

And she said, "Oh, Jack, where's the cow?"

He said, "Well, I was going along and I got kindly thirsty and that man said the cow would give me some milk and I tried to milk her and she kicked me, and after that I didn't like that cow."

So she said, "You mean you traded the cow off?"

"Yes, I traded it to a sheep."

"Oh, Jack, where's the sheep."

"Why I traded it off to a pig because it butted me and the pig run all over the place, and Mom, I traded it off to a whetrock."

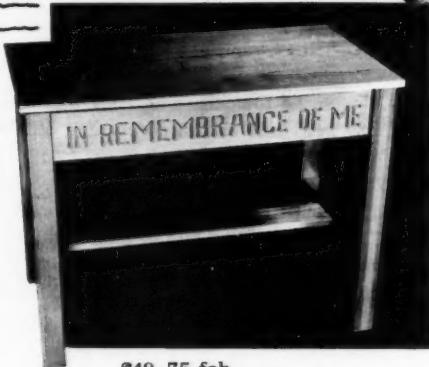
And she said, "A whetrock! Where's the whetrock?"

Jack said, "You know, Mom, you allas said—told me never to let anybody make fun of me. Well, I was coming along by a pond and the frogs was hollering at me and griping and I just throwed it in the pond—and buddy, I fixed them, I did."

And with that Jack's mother fainted. And that was natural, for she allas did faint a lot because her son was allas doing such foolish things. #####

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THE GROWTH OF

Ruby Ball has had much experience with the type of material employed in outdoor dramas. A graduate of Berea College and the University of Virginia, she has taught art at the University of Virginia, worked with the Extension Service there, and for four summers was associated with the Virginia Highlands Festival of the Arts. Miss Ball has been employed by WILDERNESS ROAD since the summer of 1954.

((((Ruby C. Ball))))

A PEOPLE'S THEATER

THE MAXIM that there is strength in unity is proving to be a good one for the producers of outdoor drama. Members of this lively and thriving group, far from trying to outdo each other, are getting together to swap experiences, to help and learn from each other, and to turn their united efforts toward a better quality of entertainment for the American public.

In November, 1955, twenty-two people from seven symphonic dramas met in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, home of Paul Green, Sam Selden, Kermit Hunter, Harry Davis and others whose names have come to be associated with the new medium. Production, management and promotion personnel from Paul Green's three shows, THE LOST COLONY, THE COMMON GLORY, and WILDERNESS ROAD, were joined by similar representatives from Kermit Hunter's UNTO THESE HILLS and HORN IN THE WEST and his forthcoming productions of VOICE IN THE WIND and CHUCKY JACK. In an all-day meeting, they got acquainted with each other and discussed matters relating to casting, budgeting, promotion and public relations policies and the interaction of each production company with its own area. Keynote of the meeting might be defined in terms of its what-we-can-do-together spirit, which opened up many tantalizing prospects.

For instance, there is reason to believe that those who find mental, spiritual and aesthetic food in UNTO THESE HILLS are likely to take equal pleasure in THE COMMON GLORY, CHUCKY JACK or any other good outdoor drama. Hence, when the prospective visitor hears about one, he should hear about all. At each theater there will be those who will readily and gladly inform the visitor about similar attractions in other areas. Management personnel will confer jointly with travel agencies, research organizations, chambers of

commerce and business firms. There may be combined brochures or souvenir programs, perhaps even a sharing of personnel in certain specialized jobs.

Not everything can be done together, of course. Each drama is as native to its own area as corn pone is to the deep South. *UNTO THESE HILLS* belongs particularly to the Cherokee Indians, not only in subject matter, but in all the essentials of its production. *WILDERNESS ROAD* is the story of Kentucky's role as a borderline state in the Civil War. It is produced by Berea College, and predominately with Berea personnel who are native to the area. *THE LOST COLONY* brings its audiences not solely to view its production, but to enjoy its beaches, its historic and colorful Nag's Head and Kitty Hawk, and the lore of the North Carolina coastal area. *HORN IN THE WEST* makes the most of the rugged mountain setting of Boone, as *CHUCKY JACK* will do with regard to Gatlinburg. *VOICE IN THE WIND*, far to the South, is the story of the settling of Florida. And *THE COMMON GLORY* can hardly be separated from Colonial Williamsburg. Each is a product of its own community and takes its character from this community relationship.

But the outdoor drama movement is young and vital, and there are many of its elements which characterize each separate show. Each is bold and heroic, open and unaffected. Each is rooted in history which is important to the nation as well as in folkways peculiar to its region. Each has its appropriate staging, its lovely native music and its lively native dance. Each deals with the common subjects of the nation's past on a scale which is magnificent and, at the same time, which is compassionate, full of human insight, personal and intimate. Jefferson and Washington of *THE COMMON GLORY* were national heroes, but they were also men of neighborly and family relationships, and they have been portrayed with this quality of insight. The unknown schoolteacher of *WILDERNESS ROAD* struggles with his own conscience and attains a peculiarly American kind of heroism. There is in each of the dramas that which is challenging, stirring, often heartbreaking, and always symphonically delightful. It is this unity of spirit and purpose which has set symphonic drama apart and has made it a movement of tremendous significance to Americans of all ages.

Each of these seven dramas, and many by other writers, are preparing for busy and productive seasons. Those who wish may plan an itinerary which will include as many as seven in a week's tour. A postal card, mailed to any drama at its place of production, will bring a prompt reply. ####

THANKS!

If You Were Among The
50,000
Who Saw and Enjoyed Paul Green's Newest Hit

WILDERNESS ROAD

"American drama reached for and found a new dimension...the touring American public...will be moved by it...." "Wilderness Road" is first rate...exciting to the eye and ear...the singing is rich and right...the dances make one wish for more." New York Herald Tribune

ANNOUNCING
The Second Season



PAUL GREEN
Author



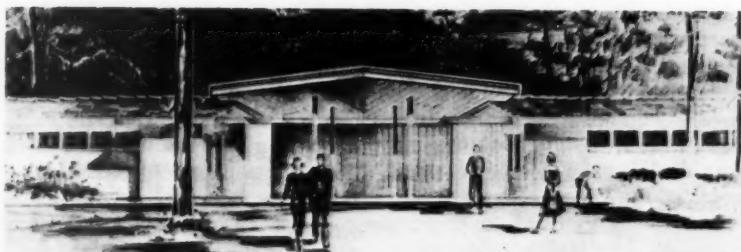
JULY
and
AUGUST

SAM SELDEN
Director

1956

Nightly except Sundays
Sixty Performances
CAST OF 100

1956



Indian Fort Theatre in the Berea College Forest

Millie, Sister Of Jesus

((H. W. JENSEN))

Dr. Henry W. Jensen, an outstanding botanist and author, is Dean of Warren Wilson Jr. College in Swannanoa, N.C. He is also a singer and composer, an artist, and a poet. Every year at Christmas time it is the custom for Dr. Jensen to tell a story. Although he came to Swannanoa from New England, he employs elements of mountain material in his creations with sensitivity and ease.

TWO BOYS in their middle teens were squandering a summer's afternoon by throwing rocks into a shallow stream which was doing its best to mind its own business. The lads had just wandered into the partial shade of an old sycamore tree, and among the thin pasture grasses found the pebbles which always invite tossing. For boys here in the mountains, rocks have no other function.

With only ten yards to the creek, each toss produced a plop in the water and scattered spangled ripples which scurried to hide in the shade of the alder bushes. Just above the alders lay the dusty road. At this spot just opposite the boys, the Highway Department had blasted a protruding ledge in order to get the road around the bend. On the larger cleavage plane someone had painted with the same lack of artistry that one finds in the mural sketching in public toilets, "JESUS SAVES."

The red-headed boy, known only as J. C., tired of dropping stones into the water, rose on his knees to fire a rock at JESUS. After a few throws it was obvious that J. C. was trying to chip off the white paint from the top of the "J." The other boy rose to the challenge and soon both lads were on their feet, firing larger rocks as fast as they could find them until they had the "J" well smudged. Now both boys were perspiring in the afternoon sun and simultaneously decided they had had enough exercise for one day. J. C. waded out into the creek, rinsed his arms and face and then splashed down stream until he found a flat rock in the shade. His companion, Ramsey, tagged along and when both boys sat down, Ramsey offered cigarettes and soon both boys were lazily smoking while they watched for minnows near their cooling toes.

"What do they mean, 'Jesus Saves'?" asked J. C.

Without as much as giving it a thought, Ramsey belched and sighed, "I don't know."

"You believe that stuff about Jesus?" asked J. C.

"I don't know; reckon he saves us from sin, or something."

"Aw shucks, them as thinks they is saved goes right on sining.. Shucks; look at old Pete—he gets saved come every revival and next time he goes to Marshall he's drunk again."

"Yah," came Ramsey's support for the case, "You know Close Sams who preaches at Gunnertown. He's agin smoking and dancing and all sporting places. Yah, but last month I see'd his two girls up at Miller's place and one of 'em was smoking a cigaret and I hear tell the other is easy to hold. Being saved don't 'pear to make no difference. Yah!"

"Some says if you're saved you ain't got cause to worry none 'cause you'll go to heaven anyway. Jesus done tooked the blame! Can't say as I reckon that's fair. Do you reckon ther's any hell?"

"Where'd they get all that stuff anyway?"

"You damn fool, you know it's in the Bible," was J. C.'s retort.

"How'd ya know?" came Ramsey's hot reply.

"I've read it," was J. C.'s lie, "and anyway, the Preacher says it's so."



"But how'd they know it's so?"

Now it was J. C.'s time to admit that he didn't know.

The boys pondered a while and then J. C. spoke up. "Let's go ask the Preacher." This alluded to the local Church of God's present pulpit supply, also called Phillips Hensley, who considered himself called to preach after the previous man evacuated under pressure following an argument with some of the congregation about the exact interpretation of "Thou Shalt Not Kill," when it came to killing deer out of season.

"Aw, he'll tell us the same stuff as we've heard every Sunday. He don't know."

"Reckon anybody knows?" asked J. C.

Ramsey thought for a while. "Reckon John Gasperson might know?"

In a way, this was a startling suggestion because John Gasperson was not currently regarded as a fervent Christian. He farmed his farm and lived alone. He did attend church more or less regularly but he only sang some of the hymns and never witnessed or would pray in public. Folks had just come to disregard John's Christianity as being co-incidental with the knot on the mourner's bench on which the more frequent converts learned to avoid sitting.

I suppose it was the alarming perception of children that brought John Gasperson to Ramsey's mind.

"Could be," admitted J. C.; and both boys waded across the branch and clambered up to the road and headed for John's.

The sun had already coasted behind Chuffy's Knob when the boys found John Gasperson in his tobacco patch. He was looking for destructive tobacco worms and needless sprouts. The boys had climbed up through the surrounding woods so that they could saunter casually down hill and give John the impression they had been up on the mountain and were now on their way home. Such business as they had must be approached obliquely, and only after a preliminary reference to more immediate problems, such as the number of worms John had found, did he think the price would be higher this year, was the government going to cut his allotment of tobacco ground, had he seen any squirrels up on the ridge.

On such topics the conversation could take its leisurely and devious course until such a time as one of the boys could manage a switch to the question on their minds. The opportunity came when a truck back-fired over on the other side of the valley and all three stood up from worm-hunting to watch for the truck.

It was the Preacher Hensley's half-ton pick-up. J. C. was first to identify and without revealing the urgency of his quest asked, "S'pose he's off'n to paint more signs?"

John Gasperson toyed with the bait. "Him, painting?"

"Reckon he's off'n to paint more Jesus signs?" Ramsey was now narrowing the field from his side.

"Him, painting?" came Gasperson's more cautious investigation of where he was being guided.

"Fresh paint on the signs. Me and Ramsey just see'd new paint on the sign above Miller's place—you know, 'Jesus Saves?' Us'nreckoned Phillips Hensley likely paints 'em."

Ramsey took a quick look at J. C. to see if now was the time to put the question directly. J. C. caught Ramsey's glance, but the

force was spent because J. C. switched the conversation, to Ramsey's amazement. This proved J. C.'s adroitness because the basis for a later reference to the subject had now been laid and he took into his calculations that John Gasperson was about finished in the tobacco patch anyway and would soon head for the house, permitting the boys to follow and engage him in conversation when all three had found chairs on the porch. J. C. had learned the rudiments of diplomacy as it is practiced among highland people.

The play had not been lost on John Gasperson either. He had heard the boys move through the brush from below and decided as they ambled down the trail to the house that the lads had come purposefully to ask him something, and also what the subject might be in some general way. To fulfill his part, the boys were asked to "set awhile" after all had drunk from the spring. To test his surmise, he ventured, "Too dry to paint signs—dust from the road too heavy."

Now J. C. smiled to himself. John Gasperson had thus signalled to him to begin, revealing without public admission that both parties understood each other's intent and that John was prepared to make conversation on the topic of J. C.'s choice. Sincerity and candor were now in order.

"Me and Ramsey have been talking. Can't make no sense of this 'Jesus Saves' stuff. How come Jesus can save? Folks say He lived way back and as how He's died for our sins. Reckon it's in the Bible, but how'd you know if'n it's true? You believe it, John?"

John rocked his tilted chair first on one hind leg and then the other. He had to roll a cigaret, and take plenty of time doing it. J. C. had really brought him quite an order. John also knew that now was the time for complete honesty. It was really a question of how to put it.

The boys were patient; they knew it was a large order, and so they just sat and smoked and waited. John brought his chair down on four legs and said somewhat hesitantly, "Used to argue religion. Promised myself a long time ago never to argue about such again.



Religion is something folks know the least about and get the maddest over. Ain't going to argue now; but I'll tell you something. Just you listen and then think about it and keep your mouth shut. 'Tain't none of your business really, but seeing as how you asked and I can't think of no better answer, I'll tell you. Just keep your mouths shut.

"You all know Millie," John continued, "lives over by the river with her two girls?"

"Sure," came the quick reply from the boys.

"She's a plain woman, ain't she," and now John was beginning to ask and answer his own questions; "Reckon she is forty and you fellows never saw Millie excepting as you see her now; hair turning in the sun. She's bent and limps. She's poor—you know how poor the house looks. She's strict and most folks never see'd her smile. Don't visit much. See her in church—always goes to revivals, except I don't go. Two girls, one's bright and t'other's kinda slow. Was born after her daddy died. You all know how Millies's man died?"

"Hear'd tell he got shot," volunteered Ramsey, "Poley Troy shot him."

"Yes, Poley Troy shot him; and that's about all folks say. Poley Troy got two years for shootin' Millie's Tom. Tom McCanless was a good man. They don't come no better. He was honest and worked hard. He was mostly poor because he gave away what he could. He loved Millie and she loved him. Millie was pretty, as pretty a girl as we see in these parts, when Tom courted her. She was right proud of Tom and their first little girl. Millie was friends with everybody.

"And then Poley Troy killed Millie's Tom. No argument, no reason, Poley had nothin' against Tom; nobody did. Know how it happened? Saw it myself, said so in court—was coming home from salting cattle up on the ridge pasture. Poley Troy and Neely Sams was asittin' up on the hill facing Tom's field. They was just asittin' listenin' to their dogs run a fox and they were drinkin' and layin' around in the shade of that there oak you all can just see sticking up over the hill yonder; that's standin' in Neely Sams' field. They was sittin' on t'other side of the branch. Tom was chopping weeds in his corn. For nothin' Poley Troy says, 'Watch me pick 'im off,' and afore Neely can get to him, Poley raises his gun and drops Tom hanging onto his hoe. I was just coming into Tom's field to pass the time of day when I see Tom sink around his hoe and hear the shot. I recognize the gun as Poley's and the sheriff found him soon, and Poley claims he just accidentally fired when he was moving his gun, account of him and Neely was drinking. He got two years. Many an hour I have spent thinking about fit punishment for such as Poley Troy. I ain't found nothing yet as fit.

Millie cried, but said no evil to Poley. The second little girl was born too soon and always has been puny and kinda slow. Millie ain't complained. She's kept the farm and raised her girls and kept them clean. It's been hard and lonely, 'cause Millie really loved Tom. Now don't you fellows ask me why such sorrow should come to Millie who was good and pretty and to Tom who was good and kind. Millie says it's the Lord who gave and has taken away. Millie is saved and she can witness, and she gets kinda worked up at revivals. and talks more'n you ever hear her talk the rest of the year. Millie believes Jesus saved her. Now ask me, what did Jesus ever save her from. Not from losing her man, or gettin' a puny baby, or having to work all alone, not from being poor and often ailing. Might say, Jesus ain't never done nothing for Millie, fur as I can see."

John Gasperson cleared his throat and spat. It took some time to find his tobacco and get another cigaret going. The boys knew there was more coming so they just sat quiet like and waited until John had found the opening for his next chapter.

"What I told you, you all could find out anywhere around here if you had a mind to. Now I can tell you something I ain't told. Some years back I had a great disappointment. What it was ain't important, none of your business anyway, but when you have counted on doing something real big and worked many years to do it and then all at once you sees you ain't never even going to get close to doing it, it just kinda turns the world upside down and a man gets off'n his vittles and plumb tired so's he can't even think. I was beat down, I was. It got so bad I started gettin' queer ideas.

"One day I kinda got too tired of living and just natural like took the trail up to Lover's Leap. It was late afternoon. I sat up there on the rock, just one step from the edge. I looked out over the river and the hills yonder without quite seein' 'em. I just set there in the late sun trying to think. I couldn't think. All I knew was that I could roll over and I wouldn't have to try to think any more. I done saw the shadows from the willow on the other side of the river stretch out towards the cliff, they came all the way across to fotch me. The river got blacker and blacker 'til I just seems to belong to it. And then!" John sighed a long low sigh.

"Millie was sitting on the rocks six feet from me. She must have kicked a pebble when she sat down. She didn't say anything, just sat there looking at the river with me. After a long while she sighs and says, low like, 'They'll be needing you at Franklin's; their cow's sick; got milk fever.'

"Reckon folks think I'm kinda handy with livestock in these parts. Even if 'twas Franklin's only cow, I didn't much care. I just sat and said nothing. Don't ask me how Millie knew I was up on the rock. Nobody knew my trouble. She must have knowed what I was thinking

though. After a while she gets up and says, 'It won't help, John. Come and have supper with us.' She must have knowed I'd follow because she climbs down the trail towards her house.

"I did get up. I don't know why, and followed her home. The girls looked at me, but said nary a word. Millie fussed around the table and put a big baked potato on each plate.

"'You'll ask the blessing, John?'

"I folded my hands over that hot potato and I've never been so grateful for a potato, 'fore or since. I could feel the warm life go back into my hands. The smell of those potatoes pushed something back down where it belonged and I could be hungry with a hankering to eat. Millie and the girls just waited, looking down at their potatoes. They had to wait a long time because I had to come a far piece before the blessing would come. Don't 'member what I said, but I was plenty grateful. We had the potatoes and corn bread and milk and the girls were right mannerly and let Millie talk. Can't say what we talked about, but when I left Millie's I come over to Franklin's. I saved his cow."

John considered for a while before continuing.

"Now, Millie looks at things her way, and I see them my way. Now you fellows tell me, who saved me from doing wrong up there on the rock? You could say Millie saved me, and sure 'nough she did. But why was Millie there when I needed her? Reckon Millie's got to have Jesus, her Jesus, to make life tolerable. If'n she didn't think Jesus saved her, she would have been dead long since, and there wouldn't have been no Millie to take me home to supper. So I reckon you all can say that Jesus saved me too. He wasn't there exactly. But Millie'll tell you he was there, if you ask her. Don't forget now, you ain't askin' her, nor anyone else about all this. Point is, reckon as how it all depends on how you look at it. 'Tweren't no doin' of mine, so God must be in all of it. Millie and her kind says Jesus is God. To Millie, God is Jesus, her Jesus. Jesus is more of a far piece for me, but he's mixed up with me too, because of Millie. Millie, sister of Jesus!"

John sighed again and looked out over the tilled field and wood-lots to where the sun was still painting rosy tints on the higher ridges. He turned on his chair to face J. C. and looked him right in the eye. "Don't you never poke fun at folks who tell you "Jesus Saves". They's holy words, son, and I reckon you'll be lucky if you never have to learn what they can sometimes mean; leastwise not like I did. Don't forget, God is walking in these here hills, lookin' after Jesus, Millie, and me."

(This story first appeared in Warren Wilson College's quarterly publication, THE OWL AND SPADE, and is used here with permission.)

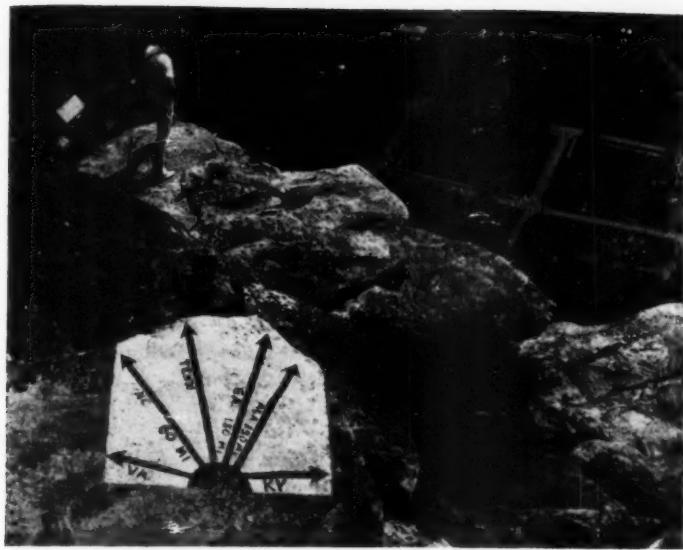
MIGRATION

Moonlight wraps us, silver-clear tonight
And we see silhouetted
Birds migrating north in flight,
Following flyways, old, and swiftly sure.
There is no wandering in their tireless passage,
They fly so straight - secure.
Small birds and large ones
Wing through star-dotted skies
That are luminous as daylight, never resting.
We, awed below, listen to their muted cries.

* * * *

Their migrant leader, like an arrow speeds them on,
Hastening northward to their time-old nesting ground.
Then they are gone.
The sky yawns suddenly vacant now, alike of form and sound
The birds have once more in migration flown
And the moon shines silver resplendent, but alone.

By DOROTHY RUTLEDGE BRENTNALL of Tryon, North Carolina...



View from Pinnacle at Cumberland Gap

CUMBERLAND GAP, one of the most historic spots in the Southern Mountains, will soon become another in the chain of National Parks that are preserving the beauty and history of the region. The park is made possible by the donation of land by the three states that meet at the Gap: Tennessee, Virginia, and Kentucky.

Construction work will cost about \$2,000,000 and will be done by the National Park Service. It will start as soon as Kentucky clears up a few minor real estate titles and it is predicted this will be completed soon. Virginia, like Tennessee, has already donated its share of the land.

Famed as the old doorway to the West through which Daniel Boone and thousands of pioneers passed on the Wilderness Trail, some 22,000 acres of land have been set aside as a site by the three states.

Focal point of the park will be the Gap's pinnacle which rises about 3,000 feet and affords a spectacular view of the surrounding Cumberland Mountains.

From this point on clear days, three states, Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina, in addition to the tri-state area in which the park is located, may be seen in the distance.

The new park will be known as the Cumberland Gap National Park and will include the historic saddle of the gap, Cumberland Ford, Old Warrior's Path, the Wilderness trail and picturesque

scenic features of King Solomon's Cave, Soldier's Cave, Salt Peter Cave, Sand Cave, Devil's Garden, White Rocks, the Doublings, Rocky Face, Moore Knob, and beautiful Fern Lake.

The old Civil War fortifications at the Gap, on the Pinnacle, Three State Peak and the knobs surrounding the pass will be restored. Portions of the Wilderness Road not obliterated by Federal Highway 25 E, which bisects the area, will be kept as it was when hundreds of thousands of pioneers used it in crossing the last Appalachian range in the settlement of Kentucky and the Northwest.

Roads through the section will be beautified, despoliation of the region by private development will be ended, and scars and unsightly points along the highways will be covered.

Caves and other scenic points will be made accessible by trails, riding paths and roadways.

The hidden forest areas, in which abound mountain laurel, rhododendron, dogwood, redbud, magnolia, native shrubbery of wide variety and native timber of oak, elm, sycamore, hemlock, hickory, pine and cedar, will be preserved in their pristine beauty. Picnic, camping and recreational sites will be located at suitable points.

Cumberland Gap combines two desirable features in a National Park which do not usually exist together—outstanding historical significance, because it was the gateway for centuries between the Northwest and the Southeast and unparalleled scenic beauty only rivaled by the Great Smokies and the Blue Ridge. For this reason, the National Park Service is now listing the project as its next major objective for development.

When the park is established, it will constitute an important unit in the national park system of the Southeast, located about midway between Mammoth Cave and the Great Smokies which attract hundreds of thousands of visitors annually.

With inclusion of Cumberland Gap in the Southeastern park system, so near the great centers of population in the East and Middle West, tourist travel is expected to be greatly stimulated. The project represents one of the most important conservation measures of the federal program. By Earl L. Shaub

(The following on Cumberland Gap is taken from a paper read by Robert L. Kincaid, of Middlesboro, Kentucky, before the Filson Club in 1940. It is reprinted here by permission of THE TENNESSEE CONSERVATIONIST.)

AN IMPORTANT GAP IN HISTORY



WHEN COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD II and his surveyors in 1728 set their compass on the sands of Coratuck Inlet and pointed westward through Old Dismal Swamp, attempting to chart Latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$ as the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina decreed by King Charles II a half century before, they were pointing directly to Cumberland Gap, a gateway in the last westward mountain wall, more than five hundred miles away.

It was a prophetic needle, because it indicated a pass of destiny for a people soon to be moulded into a free and independent nation. That pass was to be the open door into a strange, fertile, inviting land for traders, hunters, settlers, and colonizers. The Gap had already been visited by Gabriel Arthur, in 1674, and by Martin Chartier in 1692. It was known to James Adair after the turn of 1700 in his friendly traffic with the Cherokees living in quiet and peace on the western slopes of the misty Smokies. In 1750, it was for the first time definitely mapped and named by Dr. Thomas Walker and his band of explorers for the Loyal Land Company.

The discovery of this pass in the Cumberland wall was not an accident. Dr. Walker drifted through the hills and valley along well marked trails which led to a much travelled "Indian road."

Cumberland Gap was formed in the aeons of the past by a violent convulsion of the earth that threw up the Cumberland barrier in a huge overthrust, presenting a broken, jagged, precipitous wall, extending for three hundred miles from the breaks of the Big Sandy to the bend of the Tennessee River at Lookout Mountain.



Cumberland Gap, Pioneer Gateway to the West

In that geological upheaval the wall was split in twain about midway, and the winds of centuries hewed the cleft still deeper. Rivulets of water seeped down through the crevices northeast of the pass, and formed an underground artery, which likewise was severed at the break in the wall. The stream burst out of the face of the northeast portal, known as the Pinnacle, and plunged hundreds of feet downward in foaming white cascades.

The cloven wall took up again on the southwest, at the Three States peak, scarcely a half mile from the crest of the Pinnacle, and thus hanging between these two portals is the gigantic Saddle of Cumberland Gap, 1,665 feet high, several hundred feet above the valley and approximately 1,000 feet in depth.

Cumberland Gap was first used, in the misty past, when prehistoric mammoths shouldered their way through the wilderness in search of feeding grounds. The paths thus worn deep by heavy hooves were followed by the buffalo, crossing back and forth between the cane breaks and salt licks in the valleys of the upper Cumberland on the north, and the Powells, Clinch, and Holston on the south.

These bovine engineers prepared the way for the first human inhabitants of the central wilderness, and an ancient highway was naturally established, perhaps more than a thousand years ago, which became the Great Warriors' Path of modern history.

Dr. Walker deserves no particular credit for finding Cumberland Gap except that he should have the first opportunity to chart it. Neither do Daniel Boone and his companions who followed a little later. They chose a well-worn way which was already penetrating the wilderness.

That tiny hole in the dike which protected the Indian lands of the west from the flood of acquisitive white man from the east resulted in the final overthrow of Indian supremacy and the domination of the Caucasian race in inland America. It was a hole which was easily found and the thin line into the dark regions beyond the mountain wall lured the white adventurers to the expansive reaches of the Bluegrass and the broad valleys of the lower Ohio.

The story of these new lands found by the first traders and hunters grew with the telling when they returned to the eastern settlements, and by 1775, colonizing movements were organized. James Harrod and his companions floating down the Ohio and Daniel Boone and the axmen cutting out a better trace through the wilderness for Colonel Henderson and his associates were planting the seeds of civilization which ultimately was to grow into the mighty West.

To deal with "ifs" in history is idle speculation, but in this situation on the western frontier from 1775 to 1782, we find a combination of circumstances which resulted in far-reaching consequences for America. A little stream of hardy humanity beating against a mountain wall found a small notch in the range and filtered through, until a few hundred were scattered around the posts in the far frontier by 1775.

They protected the eastern colonies from a vulnerable stab in the back; but more than that, they claimed and held fast a new empire for a young nation. Cumberland Gap, the gateway for this human effort was playing a leading role in the drama of history, and had it not existed, that effort of conquest in the West might conceivably have been delayed until it was too late.

After the subjugation of the Indian towns the tide of humanity rushing to the east became a roaring flood. Treasury warrants for services in the war guaranteed hundreds of thousands of acres of free land. Settlers labored along the Wilderness Trail in almost one continuous caravan, with pack horses loaded with domestic supplies. The prospect of independent livelihood in the land of milk and honey became a bright promise on the Western horizon.

Men bundled up their belongings, women tied up their plunder, children climbed on behind their parents, and then began the long trek through the wilderness belt and through Cumberland Gap to the Kentucky settlements.

Often lurking savages would pounce upon a camp and tomahawk and scalp the travellers. Time after time, parties were attacked in the vicinity of the gap. A huge cleft rock just north of the Saddle became noted as a point of ambush. The spring, 200 feet from the crest, on the Kentucky side, was a haven for the tired and thirsty. The Yellow Creek bottoms were dark and treacherous. It was always a mad hurry through these dangerous places, then across the ford of the Cumberland River below the Narrows in Pine Mountain, and on beyond to the Laurel, the Rockcastle, and the Kentucky rivers, and to greater safety in the distant settlements.

The Bluegrass and the regions beyond the Ohio were the goals for the settlers, and within ten years Kentucky had sufficient population to achieve statehood, and to provide for its own protection and government. Isaac Shelby, seasoned by service on the frontier, often travelling through Cumberland Gap on missions of importance, was the first governor. Among his first official acts was a provision for the improvement of the "wilderness trace" from the state line at Cumberland Gap to its junction with major roads connecting settlements in Central Kentucky.

By 1795, wagons were creaking along the widened trail, bumping over stones, laboring through bogs, rolling along bottoms, and sloshing across streams.

From 1800 to 1825, the Wilderness Road was an important artery of traffic for the young commonwealth. Soon it became an outlet for the produce of a profligate land. Tobacco, hemp, hogs, cattle, and horses were going southeastward for eastern seaports, principally Charleston.

In the meantime, however, other routes were opened and it appeared that Cumberland Gap would be remembered only as an old landmark. Currents of humanity were sweeping westward along other channels, extending the frontiers beyond the Mississippi and leaving the isolated Cumberland range behind. Texas had won her independence, the last of the Indians east of the Mississippi had been moved to the western plains, Michigan had become a state, slavery was becoming an acute issue.

Fighting Andrew Jackson had returned to the quiet of the Hermitage, and his political heir, Martin Van Buren, was having trouble in the White House. In this new world, Cumberland Gap, where

Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia joined, became merely a dot upon the maps of the United States, rather than as a gateway where momentous events were taking place.

But in 1840, the people of America became involved in a political campaign which was marked with greater verbal violence than any preceding presidential campaign. It was General Harrison, the Whig candidate, with his hard cider, coon-skins, and log cabins, hailed as the "friend of liberty", against Van Buren, Democratic candidate for re-election, muddling through with Jacksonian fiscal policies, labelled as an enemy to free government, and his followers smeared as "locofocos."

Southern Whigs, anxious to carry Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia for the Whig ticket, proposed that a tri-state convention be held at Cumberland Gap. Far from the centers of population, difficult to reach from a distance, this gateway was chosen for a mammoth political rally on September 10, 1840, the anniversary of Perry's victory, and Whig papers began to beat the publicity drums. Said the Cincinnati Daily Gazette: "Give the mountaineers of Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia light and they will strike a blow for liberty that shall be felt throughout the land!"

From six to eight thousand people came out of the hills for the celebration, on foot, on horseback, in wagons, and in buggies. The Virginians and Tennesseans tented at the base of the Pinnacle on the south side, and the Kentuckians bivouacked in the end of the Yellow Creek basin, north of the pass.

On the morning of the 10th, with drums rolling, fifes tooting, flags and banners waving, the Virginians and Tennesseans marched up the old road from the south, and met a similar column of Kentuckians ascending from the north.

The roar of a cannon, planted in the Saddle, punctuated the shouts and songs of the mountaineers, keyed to an enthusiastic pitch by generous draughts of hard cider. On the Kentucky side, in a shady arbor, near the spring, the people gathered.

For two days, oratory rolled and reverberated among the shaggy cliffs bordering the gateway. The huge audience of campers waved flags and banners and applauded with shouts and songs, rolling drums, tooting fifes and even booming cannon.

Senator John J. Crittenden opened the meeting with a two-hour address on affairs of state, and his effort was recorded by reporters as the most powerful and eloquent the noted Kentucky statesman had ever made.

General Leslie Combs, with withered arm, followed with vivid

first-hand details of the military campaigns of General Harrison, John Bell of Tennessee, inveterate foe of his neighbor, Andrew Jackson, stirred the crowd with his views. Former Governor Ryndham Robertson represented the mother state of Virginia in a protest against the administration.

Personalities of lesser importance were heard, many to figure prominently in future events. Among the leaders were young William G. Brownlow, of Jonesboro; Thomas W. Humes, of Knoxville; Silas Woodson, of Barbourville; John Campbell, of Abingdon, recently resigned treasurer of the United States under Van Buren; Martin Beaty, former Congressman from Kentucky, and T. A. R. Nelson, of Tennessee.

On another occasion Henry Clay made a powerful political address at the Gap. In the midst of his talk he paused for a long time. One in the audience asked why he did not go on, and he replied: "I am listening to the feet of millions of unborn people who will some day come to Cumberland Gap."

His remark seems prophetic of the park that may be built in one of America's most historical spots.

The booming of the cannon in the Saddle of the Gap in the Campaign of 1840 was the portent of a more ominous event already in the making, but was not sensed by those who were taking part in this unusual meeting. It was only a little while until the issues of 1840 were forgotten in the convulsions of hatred and bitterness which seized a growing nation. A new leadership was in the making.

While the Whig rally at Cumberland Gap was in session, young Abraham Lincoln of Illinois crossed the Ohio River at Shawneetown, and made a speech for the Whig national ticket at Morganfield, Kentucky. In 1784, his father had passed through Cumberland Gap at the age of eight, and a few years later, Nancy Hanks, foreordained to be the mother of the frontier lawyer, was carried as a babe in arms along the same path.

Among the legions who migrated to the West were small land owners, rugged individualists, plebians as well as patricians, who saw in slavery a great human injustice.

The economic difficulties which turned the tide for Harrison and Tyler gave way to more flaming questions in 1860. The young nation was split asunder with cataclysmic issues, and Abraham Lincoln was thrown up on the national horizon as the champion of a strong Union of States supported by a central constitution, rather than a loose Confederation of Independent States. And these issues, involved and confused, were to be settled upon the battlefield, rather than at the ballot box.



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ITINERANT RECREATOR, JIM WOLF, REPORTS ON HIS ACTIVITIES, TELLING US ESPECIALLY ABOUT THE . . .

RURAL YOUTH U.S.A. CONFERENCE

Jim Wolf's busy schedule has taken him recently to the Buckhorn School at Buckhorn, Ky., Baxter Seminary, Baxter, Tennessee, to Young Harris, Georgia, with the grade school and college, and, working with the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church USA, to the parishes in Booneville and Wooton, Ky., and Allardt, Tenn. Jim has worked with ministers, directors of religious education, 4-H agents, and teachers in these places. He realizes the recreation needs of our Appalachian area and is eager to work with any person or institution in interpreting the philosophy of recreation. Here he tells of a national conference of special interest where he was elected a member of the advisory board.

((JIM WOLF))

SERVING OVER 200 counties in the Appalachian South is my responsibility, and quite a large one it is! Of course I cannot even come close to reaching the number of schools, churches, and community groups that need to be helped, but I am trying.

During the past few months I have done a good deal of traveling throughout the mountains, meeting many groups. But serving the Appalachian South means cooperating with groups outside the area as well. This I had the opportunity to do at the Rural Youth U. S. A. conference at Jackson's Mill, West Virginia. Rural youth groups with common aims and interests met there from all over America. It was, I believe, a significant gathering.

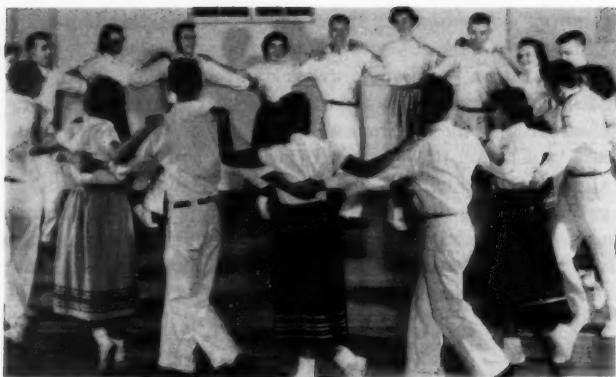
It all began when Bill Miller of the John C. Campbell Folk School started looking ahead to the annual Gatlinburg conference of the Council of the Southern Mountains. Bill said that the Rural Youth conference should provide good training ground for youth leaders in preparation for the young people's activities of the Gatlinburg conference. I agreed. Bill also talked to others, including Miss Mary Ruth Logan of North Carolina and Flem Messer of Berea, Kentucky, both active youth leaders.

The theme of the conference was "Building Better Communities" through workshops, lectures, discussion groups, and informal get-togethers. We examined the challenge of building better communities through personal development, family relations, town and country cooperation, and world understanding. What could we, as responsible young people do to better ourselves and our country? What is our role in the community? Of course, the factors that contribute to a happy life, the importance of personality, the ability to get along with others, the significance of a good family life. . . all these topics were discussed in relation to particular communities. There was much exchange of problems and solutions as young representatives from various, though related, communities met. International farm youth exchange students from Australia, New Zealand, Africa, and France gave the meeting a universal flavor. Exciting customs of other lands were explained to us. And we saw that community problems are not restricted by land or water barriers.

But the meeting was not all serious, as my writing of it may sound. Fun and recreation at the state 4-H camp in Jackson's Mill with group singing and parties in the evening provided a pleasant change of pace for the conference. It is my firm belief that the Rural Youth U. S. A. conference is nationally important. It makes it possible for young people to realize mutual problems and at the same time affords an excellent chance for them to put ideas together in building better communities, and richer, happier lives for individuals the country over. ####



A SECTION of the next MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK will be devoted to Job Opportunities announcements. Get your material to us as soon as possible, listing carefully all necessary details.



The Basket - from "The Appalachian Square Dance"

On many occasions at Pinewoods, and at Berea Christmas School, Frank Smith has delighted us with his calling of Southern Mountain Square Dances, both in Big Set formation with any even number of couples taking part, or in Set-Running formation with four, five, or six couples dancing. Now he has written a book giving us ten figures for large circles, fifteen figures for small circles, five figures especially suitable for Kentucky Running Set, and one Playparty game. There are sixteen mountain tunes, arranged by Rolf Hovey, and sketches and photographs by Mary Rogers and Doris Ulmann respectively. A separate folder giving the scores for the tunes for fiddle only, is a special bonus.

But the book is more than just a collection of dance figures and tunes, useful as this alone will be to many of us. Frank Smith draws on the experience gained during many years of working with folk material in the mountains and helps our understanding of the Appalachian Square Dance by telling us about its ceremonial origins and how it has been affected by social changes. He gives valuable advice on how to Call the dances and how to present them so that the group is neither drilled, nor left to flounder. In the words of the author: "The art of the dance teacher is subtle. How to interpret music; how to unshackle a dancer seeking to forget himself; how to start a contagion that will run through a group. . . A sensitive and open mind is needed; a willingness to experiment; the courage to learn from failure."

The chapter headed "Square Dance Preliminaries" gives many practical hints about how to get the dancers moving, and the technique of steps, swings, and special figures such as the Do Si Do. The description for each dance figure is very clearly set out, with the different parts of the Call numbered and matching explanations given below. Each figure has its illustrating photograph or sketch. In the Foreword the author pays tribute to the many mountain dancers, singers, and musicians from whom he gained the knowledge needed to produce this book.

Published by Berea College in its centennial year, under the title of APPALACHIAN SQUARE DANCE, the book includes all of the dance figures used in Paul Green's symphonic drama WILDERNESS ROAD produced this last summer at Indian Fort Theater, Berea, Kentucky.

Bound in cloth, the book sells for \$3.00. It is a valuable addition to native dance literature. A truly authentic portrayal, it fills a long felt need for more information about the Southern Mountain version of the American Square Dance. #####



-Mountaineer Loop

MAY GADD, Director of The Country Dance Society of America, is one of the foremost folk and square dance authorities in the United States. She spent several weeks last summer in a study of the dances of the American Indians! Her interest includes all American regional dances, and no better person could have been found to review Frank Smith's book, "THE APPALACHIAN SQUARE DANCE." This review is reprinted with permission from the current issue of the Country Dancer, edited by Miss Gadd.

Square And Folk Dance Festivals

The twenty-first annual Mountain Folk Festival will be held at Berea College April 5-8, 1956. The Festival, affiliated with the Country Dance Society of America, is held to encourage the use and preservation of folk material: songs, games, dances, stories; and to unite, for the fun of non-competitive recreation, groups throughout the Southern Highlands. Full information may be obtained from Frank H. Smith, Chairman, Box 1826, Berea College, Berea, Kentucky.

July 1-7 American Squares School, Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee. Write American Squares Schools, 500 East Red Bank Avenue, Woodbury, New Jersey.

August 5-26 28th Annual Summer Dance Camp, Country Dance Society of America, Long Pond, near Plymouth, Massachusetts. Write The Country Dance Society of America, 31 Union Square, W. New York, 3, New York.

RECREATION WORKSHOPS

March Kentucky Recreation Workshop, Kentucky Daw Village. Write Mrs. Bertha Mc Leod, Hickman, Kentucky, for dates and place.

April 22-27 Short Course in Camp and Community recreation. Write Georg Bidstrup, John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, North Carolina. Includes table games, group games, camp crafts, outdoor activities, nature lore, traditional recreation and discussions.

April 30-May 4 Presbyterian U. S., Assembly-Wide Recreation Workshop, Camp Na-Co-Me, Centerville, Tennessee. Write R. E. Fakkema, Idlewild Presbyterian Church, Memphis, Tennessee.

July 22-28 Danebod Recreation Institute, Tyler, Minnesota. Write Enok Mortensen, Tyler, Minnesota. Emphasis on family recreation.

April 20-21 University of Kentucky Folk Festival, children's section on the afternoon of April 20. Write to the University for other information.

How Forest Conservation Can Benefit

My Community

((AUTIE CONLEY))

This essay on forest conservation seems to us important not only because it deals with one of the outstanding problems of the Appalachian South, but because it is the thinking and the conviction of one of the outstanding young men in this region. The hope of this area lies not only in community action, but in the leadership of some of our indigenous youth.

WHAT IS MY COMMUNITY? Is it the buildings around my home: Tom's Shoe Store, Dick's Bakery, Harry's Barber Shop? Is it the people around me: the kid that sneaks into my strawberry patch, old Aunt Sal who lives up on the hill? Is it the towns around me: Lonesome Creek, Happyville, Worth? Is it the country of which I am a citizen? Yes, all these and much more. Indeed, my community is the entire world, where powers rise and fall, where people live and die and are forgotten, where there is a resource so universal that man has reaped from it without resowing, not realizing that its life or death, preservation or destruction, can spell the destiny of any nation, my nation. That resource is forests, subject to destruction just as is everything else on the earth.

One may ask, "How can forests possibly be that important?" Here are some answers I have found, not in books or magazines but in my own being. Helping to achieve conservation of soil is one, furnishing recreation is another, and creating economic wealth is still another. Conservation of forests means aiding in the conservation of other resources, soil probably being the greatest. Tree roots hold the soil on steep slopes, preventing water from washing it downward to the ocean's bottom. Land that once grazed many head of cattle is now barren and worthless, all because some well-meaning but ignorant individual ruthlessly removed the timber. It may be that that person is now paying for his mistake, but more likely he has moved on, not knowing, not caring that he has helped to fill the maw of the ocean, already gorged with soil that God intended for man to keep and use. Only where there is soil can plants of economic importance grow; only by keeping the land in a healthy condition and keeping it in its proper place can our agricultural economy be

stabilized. Thus aiding in soil conservation is one function of forests.

Now let us consider a second function of forests, that of contributing to recreation. Checker games and ball teams may not be too closely associated with forest lands, but good camping sites and a stroll in the woods are. There is nothing so quieting to a troubled spirit as a living, breathing forest clothed in dusk. To hear the night birds and the insects can often do more good than any tool or trick of the psychiatrist's trade. Even if a forest served no other purpose, it would still be indispensable, for it cannot be matched as a remedy for tired minds.

Then forests as a direct source of wealth must not be overlooked. The lumberjack and the miller both live on revenue derived directly from the production of timber. And many others, those engaged in transportation, for example, would find themselves bringing home a smaller paycheck if there were no wood and lumber products requiring their services. From the time a tree seed falls until the processed lumber from the mature tree is in the consumer's hands in some form there is economic wealth represented. Why then should we not protect forest land? Indeed we should, for it would be suicidal not to.

Whether we destroy our forests or whether we preserve them subtly molds the characters of millions of our earth's peoples. By keeping our forests in a sound condition we are helping to keep the people here, there, and everywhere in that state of body, mind, and character on which a sound society is built. Therefore, "Practice Forest Conservation" should be engraved upon every man's heart, for forest conservation, like good government, is every man's job. For the farmer trees mean shade for his livestock and anchorage for his land. The camp master sees the forest as a builder and molder of the health and integrity of youth, a resource holding within itself the fate of the world. The street sweep and the business executive, living at opposite ends of the social scale, both seek the stilled quietness of the timberland as a place to rest and renew themselves. Each of these individuals knows the value of forests and wants very much to share this good thing and so arouse another's interest in forest conservation.

Over the past several years a chain reaction has been set up whereby more and more people have become forest enthusiasts and have taken increasing interest in forest care. It is a chain reaction that should not be confined to the boundaries of one nation alone but should spread to other nations, creating another bond that may be added to those now straining to hold nations together. As nation cooperates with nation in working for better goals, forest conservation, for example, it seems to me more likely that our posterity

can mature in a world more nearly free of prejudice and fear. To be in such a world has been the hope of all those who have lived before us; it is our hope; and, if not realized in our time, it will be the hope of our children.

Is such a hope irrational? Is it foolish to suggest that forest conservation is a medium through which to work? To be sure, there are other media, but striving for better forests is a goal which can be appreciated by all peoples, even by those who have never heard of a cross-cut.

I am no philosopher, no prophet. I see nothing in the future that others cannot see. Neither am I offering an immediate panacea for the world's troubles. I am merely hoping that the nations of the world will some day learn to cooperate and function together as smoothly as do the parts of a present-day small community. A world community is my goal, and forest conservation shall be a means to that end. ####

Autie Conley, author of this article, was born in Elliott County, one of the forty-four Eastern Kentucky mountain counties. Autie is the son of a widowed mother and has twelve brothers and sisters. He is at present a Junior in the Foundation School Program at Berea College. At twenty years of age he is wiser than his years. He has real concern for the future of his region. Autie came to Berea because of vocational offerings in the Foundation School curriculum not available to him elsewhere, but it is interesting to note that his academic rating is crowding 2.4. It gives us pleasure to present Autie Conley and his first contribution to MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK. —————— | ——————



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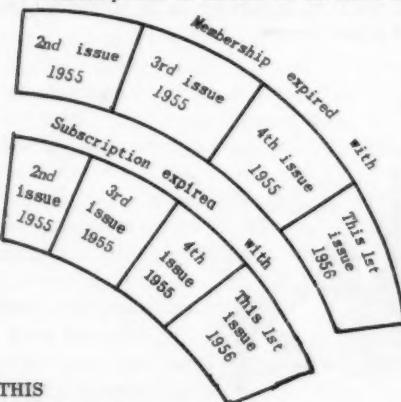
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(Please detach and mail to Box 2000, Berea College, Berea, Ky.)

THE

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